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who knew no other arms of attack than the arrow, the arbalest, or the battering ram, ceased, when gunpowder changed the art of war, to be the stronghold that the Norman power intended it to be: for placed on the slope of a hill for the sake of securing a supply of water within the fort, it has been obliged to surrender to every commander who could drag ordnance to the heights above it. In the war of 1641, it was seized by the Irish under Owen Roe O'Neil, and again it was torn from his grasp by Lord Inchiquin. The terrible Ireton, when Cromwell left him as his deputy in Ireland, on his way to the siege of Limerick in 1651, battered it from the high ground to the east, and the garrison, finding it untenable, surrendered at discretion, when, as local tradition has it, Ireton caused its governor to be hung out of the topmost window of the keep. Though greatly dismantled, it remained garrisoned, as one of the Duke of Ormond's castles, until the war of 1688, when it fell into the hands of Long Anthony Carrol, the descendant of that ancient sept that once ruled over the district north of Ormond called Ely O'Carrol. Long Anthony was one of the most enterprising and successful partizans of that period, when Ireland was overrun with guerillas, such as the Protestant Eniskilleners and the Roman Catholic Rapparees. Anthony, in many instances, had been very successful; he had done Sarsfield no small service at the first siege of Limerick, in hanging on the English army, and intercepting its supplies; and on one occasion he dexterously led a large detachment of the garrison of Birr into an ambuscade, when he took them all prisoners, with Colonel Palisser, their commander. Nenagh Castle was the centre of Carrol's operations; and though the curtain walls were battered down, the inferior towers almost levelled, and the keep unroofed, still he held it, to the great annoyance of the English, until it was found necessary to detach a brigade against it, under General Leveson, upon whose approach Carrol evacuated it, after burning down the town. There is reason to believe that after the war of the revolution was over, Nenagh Castle was still retained as a place of arms; and tradition speaks of a Sir William Hamilton, who as its last seneschal, held it under the Ormond family.

Like every monument of ecclesiastical or military antiquity in Ireland, this extensive ruin has suffered more from the work of man than the impression of ages. Indeed, the tower, from the massiveness of its structure, and the durability of its material, seems almost to defy the tooth of time. But certainly the townsmen have done their worst in dilapidating, disfiguring, and rendering the present approaches to it as disagreeable as they are difficult. One Solomon Newsome, a stern old Puritan, some seventy years ago, annoyed at the sparrows that assembled in the ivy, conspiring against his barley field, and moreover desirous that the tower should no longer deprive his cabbage garden of its sunlight, attempted to undermine it; but failing in this, he tried the effect of a barrel of gunpowder, which exploded to the no small astonishment of his townsmen, and actually made a huge chasm in the tower; but no other damage was done. At another time the ivy, that with its rich and picturesque mantle had clothed the keep for a century, was set fire to, and in a few hours its rich and verdant hue was turned into an aspect grim and grey. The writer of this notice remembers admiring in his childhood the feat of a soldier, who used for his amusement to ascend the spiral stairs that then were climbable, though with no small difficulty, and there run as fast as he could round its rough and cannon-torn top. But at last the *spectacle* was put an end to, by the fellow's falling (whether through drunkenness or inadvertence was not known) to the ground, when to the surprise of all, he was found to have sustained no other injury than a slightly broken leg.

Nenagh town, situated as it is, in the centre of a populous and well-cultivated district, which enjoys perhaps a larger portion of resident gentry than any other of the same extent in Ireland, is as thriving as any place can be, where there is little trade and no manufacture. In the year 1200, an hospital was founded here, for canons following the rule of Augustine, who were obliged at all times to admit the sick and infirm. This useful institu-

tion, so creditable to the pious charity of our ancestors, was called Teachleon, or St. John's House. Theobald Walter, the first Butler of Ireland, granted large possessions to this hospital, and it would appear that Irish physicians in those days thought that good fare was no bad remedy for diseased persons; for it was the rule of this *hospitable* hospital, that each sick person should have a daily allowance of a good loaf, a plentiful bowl of ale from the cellar, and a dish of meat from the kitchen. There was also a great Franciscan convent here, the ruins of which are still standing, founded, as some say, by one of the Butlers, but as others say, by one of the O'Kennedys. This was said to be the richest house belonging to the order in Ireland. In 1344, a provincial chapter was held here, and one of its learned friars completed an historical work of high character, which is often quoted, called the *Annals of Nenagh*.

In 1370, Brien Oge Menevy O'Brien, in conjunction with the English under the Earl of Desmond, gained a sanguinary victory over his uncle Turlough, and his name is recorded amongst his countrymen, as Brien catha an Aonig—Brien of the Battle of Nenagh. R. Y.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE FOUR MASTERS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 254.)

1488. A wonderful child was born in Dublin, who had his teeth at his birth; he grew to an enormous size, and so large a person was not heard of *since the time of the heroes*.

1489. The sheep of that part of Meath verging on the sea from Dublin to Drogheda,* ran into the sea in despite of their shepherds, and never returned back.

The son of the Earl of Ormond arrived in Ireland, after having spent a long time in England; and he, with O'Brien and his brothers, and Mac William (de Burgo) of Clanrickard, marched at the head of the army into the county of the Butlers, and compelled the Butlers to give them submissions and hostages—took many of the Irish of Leinster prisoners, and destroyed Meath.

THE STREET OF THE SHEEP,† in Dublin, was burned by the Lord Chief Justice. A peace was afterwards concluded between them and the Lord Chief Justice: each of them was to have the office of his own father; and the deputyship, viz. the sword of the King of England, and all belonging to it, was to be given up to the Archbishop of Dublin, until the king should settle their disputes. The reason for which the Earl of Kildare resigned his office, (i. e. that of Lord Chief Justice,) and refused to assist the English of Meath, was, because they had not assisted him against the son of the Earl of Ormond. The English of Meath suffered many evils from the Earl of Kildare abandoning them, for they were universally plundered and burned by the adjacent Irish chieftains.

1494. The Earl of Kildare was taken prisoner by the English in Dublin, and sent back to England.

1510. The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, viz. Garrett,

* The extent of ancient Meath is described in the following old Irish Rann:—

O loč bo deirg zo bjoirna
O'n t-Sjonajann zoj zo fajrge
Zo cumar cluana h-jonajno
S zo Cumar cluana h-ajrde.

From Lough-bo-deirg to Birr,
From the Shannon east to the sea,
To Cumar Chluana-Iraird,
And to Cumar Cluana airde.

Ancient Meath was bounded on the east by the sea; on the west, by that part of the Shannon from *Lough-bo-fin* to the river of Birr; on the south, by a part of the river Liffey and a line passing through Clonard, Geashill, Birr, until it met the Shannon; on the north, by Breifny and Oriel.

† *Snaid na t-caonač*, now corruptly *Ship-street*; but in Speed's Map of Dublin, published in 1610, it is called *SHEEP-street*.

Earl of Kildare, with the English and Irish nobles of Leinster, marched with an army into Munster, and took possession of a castle at *Carrick-Kital*, in despite of the Irish of Munster. O'Donnell, lord of Tircconnell, upon obtaining intelligence of this, mustered a small army to assist the Lord Chief Justice, and marched through Meath and Munster until he arrived at *Carrick-Kital*, where he joined him. They then set out in conjunction, and marched into *Ealla*,* where they took the castle of *Kánturk*, and plundered the country around it. They then marched on into Desmond, and took the castle of *Paſlyr* (Pallace,) and another situated on the bank of the river *Maſnſe*,† and then returned safe into the county of Limerick. They then collected a fresh army, and being joined by the Geraldines of Munster, under the command of James, the son of the Earl of Desmond, and by all others of English extraction in Munster, as also by M'Carthy Reagh, (Donall, the son of Dermott,) and by Cormac oge, the son of Cormac, the son of Teige, and by all the English and Irish of Meath and Leinster, they proceeded to Limerick.

Torlogh, the son of Teige O'Brien, lord of Thomond, assembled his forces, and was joined by Macnamara, *Síol-Aedha*, and Clanrickard, who mustered a numerous army to oppose the Lord Chief Justice and his joint forces.

The Lord Chief Justice marched through *Bealach na Fadbaige*, and through *Bealach na nGabhna*, until he arrived at *Droiched Croim*, (i. e. the bridge of *Porteross*) which was constructed by O'Brien across the Shannon, and he destroyed the bridge, and pitched his camp for a night in that country. O'Brien pitched his own camp so near them, that they could hear each others voices and conversation during the night. Next morning, the Lord Chief Justice drew up his forces in battle array, placing the Irish and English of Munster in the van, and the English of Meath and *Dublin* in the rear, where O'Donnell also placed his small body of troops. O'Brien's army made a vigorous charge upon the English, and killed the Baron of Kent, and *Barnival Kircustown*, and many others of their nobility too numerous to be here named. The English fled, and passed through *Móin na m-brathar* (*the bog of the friars*,) which was the shortest way thence to Limerick. O'Brien returns in triumph, carrying home immense spoils. There was not in either army on that day, a hero of English or Irish extraction, who showed more valour and military skill than O'Donnell, in conducting the rear of the English army, on their retreat, in safety from their enemies.‡

1525. The Chief Justice, the Earl of Kildare, (Garrett oge,) called a council of the men of Ireland, in Dublin, at which all the earls, barons, knights, and other nobles of English and Irish extraction attended. Thither repaired O'Neill (*Con Bacach*) and O'Donnell (*Hugh, the son of Hugh Roe*), to settle their disputes and confirm their league of peace in presence of the Lord Chief Justice. Here they stated and argued on all the treaties and covenants that were ever between them, before their English and Irish friends, but neither the Justice nor the Council could settle their disputes, and they returned home determined enemies, and renewed the war.

O'Donnell made two incursions into Tirone this year, and devastated the country in all directions by fire and sword, without receiving opposition from O'Neill.

1535. The Earl of Kildare, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, (Garrett, son of Garrett, son of Thomas,) the most illustrious of the English and Irish in Ireland, for his fame and renown had spread not only throughout all Ireland, but also throughout foreign countries, died in imprisonment

in London. After his death, his son Thomas began to revenge his wrongs upon the English, and upon all those who had conspired to have him expelled Ireland. He disdainfully sent away the King of England's sword—slew the Archbishop of Dublin, (who was his father's enemy,) and many others along with him—took Dublin from Newgate outwards,* and received hostages from the rest of the town from awe of him; he plundered and laid waste all *Fingall*, from *Sliabh Roe* to Drogheda, and made all Meath tremble at his name. When the King of England obtained intelligence of this, he sent relief to the English, viz. Thomas Skeffington, as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, attended by Leonard Grey and a large fleet, who immediately began to destroy all the possessions of the Earl of Kildare. They took *Maſ Nuadat*,† his residence, and banished him from his country. Thomas's own five brothers, James, Oliver, John, Walter, and Richard, rose up against him to assist the English, for each of them expected the earldom if Thomas could be conquered. When the English found it impossible to make a prisoner of Thomas, after depriving him of his towns and manors, and after driving him under the protection of the Irish chieftains of the south of Ireland, viz. of the O'Briens and O'Conor Faly, who were their most determined and powerful enemies, they advised with each other, and came to the conclusion that the best way to secure him would be, to offer him peace and then take him by treachery. They accordingly sent Lord Leonard for him, who promised him pardon and peace from the king, so that he induced Thomas to go with him to England. On their arrival Thomas was taken, and confined in the King's Tower. Lord Leonard returned to Ireland, and succeeded William Skeffington, then lately deceased, in the office of Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and took the sons of the Earl of Kildare, viz. James, Oliver, John, Walter, and Richard, under his protection, and he remained some time their friend; but at last he took them prisoners, and sent them to the King of England, who confined them in the Tower along with Thomas, the heir to the earldom.

J. O'D.

(To be continued.)

* i. e. The suburbs from Corn-market.

† *Maſ Nuadat*, now Anglicized *Maynooth*, where Garrett, Earl of Kildare, founded a college in the beginning of the 16th century.

I have given the original Irish name of Maynooth here, for the satisfaction of Irish scholars, because I have heard many disputes about the origin and signification of the name. O'Reilly call it *Maſ an ſuadſe*, and the Translator of the little book called, "*Think well on it*," makes it *Maſ na n-ōſ duſ*, i. e. *the plain of the black virgins or nuns*; but all this is etymological delirium. Duaid M'Firbis calls it *Maſ Nuadat*, i. e. *the plain of Nuadat*; *Nuadat* was a man's name, formerly very common in Ireland; and we state it as a historic fact, that this *Nuadat*, from whom *Magh-Nuadat*, (pronounced *Maw-Noo-ath*) received its name, was the maternal grandfather of Fionn Mac Cumhail, so celebrated by Macpherson under the name of Fingal, whose patrimony was *Magh-Nuadat*, (*Maynooth*,) and *Almhuin*, (*Allen*,) in the now Co. Kildare.

THE "USES OF ADVERSITY."

The most advantageous situation in which human creatures can be placed, is that in which they are surrounded by *superable* difficulties. Where there are no difficulties there is no stimulus to exertion; where difficulties are insuperable, there is no hope of success. But a due ratio between the impediments opposed to national progress and the means of removing them—between natural obstacles and the human faculties—constitutes the maximum of human advantages. It is neither just nor accurate to suppose that the best prodigality of Nature is shown in gifts which are palpable to sight. There is a richer and a dearer beauty, perceptible only to the mind, in her very parsimony; for, if she sometimes allows to nations a prosperity attained by greater labour, she makes that prosperity more noble and more secure.—*Chénix on National Character*.

* *Ealla*, a territory in the County of Cork, through which a river of the same name flows, now *Allow*, or *Allo*.

† *Maſnſe*, now the river *Mang*, in the County Kerry; not the *Maine-water*, in the County of Antrim, as laid down on Haliday's Map of Ancient Ireland, published in 1811.

‡ Throughout these Annals much praise is lavished upon O'Donnell, the reason is manifest; because the compilers of these Annals were natives of Tircconnell, and living in the monastery of Donegall, which was founded, in 1474 by Red Hugh O'Donnell.